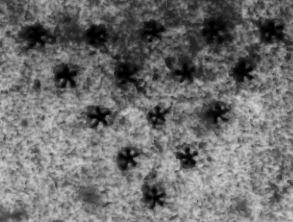
FORTUNE's BOUNTY:

OR, AN

Everlasting Purse

FOR THE

Greatest *Cuckold* in the Kingdom.



LONDON,

Printed; and are to be Sold by *B. Bragge*, at the *Blue Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*.

A FORTUNE FOR A COUNTRY:

OR AN

Invaluable Purchase

FOR THE

Greatest Quiet of the Kingdom.

12/6
181.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON.

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FORTUNE'S BOUNTY:

OR, AN

Everlaſting Purſe

FOR THE

Greateſt *Cuckold* in the Kingdom.

IN wicked Times, when wanton Wives
Led injur'd Husbands wretched Lives,
Blind Fortune in a gen'rous Mood,
Reſolv'd to do ſome Cuckold Good;
But being a purblind Female Creature,
And of a fickle wav'ring Nature,
She could not readily agree
What the kind Benefit ſhould be,
Or, who have Title to receive
The Noble Prize ſhe meant to give.

Thus puzzled as ſhe Muſing ſat,
Confounded quite 'twixt, who and what:
At laſt remembr'ing t'was a fau't
To do great things with little thought,
She to ſome lonely Cloud retir'd
To Think, as Matters well requir'd.
The Wiſe uſe great deliberation,
E'er they beſtow a large Donation.
Lord May'rs are ſeldom over ſpeedy
In building Alms-Huts for the Needy;
But take ſeven Years Conſideration,
About the Pious Works Foundation;
Nay little Benefits we find
Come ſlow, when done with half a Mind.
The Saint will Fumble near an Hour,
And have ſome Witneſs by before
He'll give his Farthing to the Poor;
That they may praiſe the Nigards Bounty,
And blaze the Wonder thro' the County,
But Fortune after ſome confuſion,
Came in ſhort time to a concluſion,
And made this following reſolution.

Which

Which was, that e'ery Marry'd Noddy,
Tongue Leas'd and Govern'd by his Dowdy,
Tormented with eternal Clamour,
More noiſie than a *Pewt'rer's* Hammer;
And every peeviſh tortur'd Spouſe
That wears his Corns upon his Brows,
And raves to think he cannot mend
The failings of his Wife's low'r end:
Alſo the Patient and the Wiſe
Who ſmother all their Injuries
Committed 'twixt Adult'rous Thighs,
And kindly Father without fretting,
A Brood of G--d knows whoſe begetting.

Theſe Fortune had reſolv'd to Summon,
But each t'appear without his Woman;
Leaſt Female Tongues ſhould ſpoil the ſport,
And make the Crowd turn *Dover* Court.

Her Edicts ſign'd with her own Name
Were ſcatter'd all abroad by *Fame*,
Declaring what ſhe had deſign'd
For the moſt Wretched of Mankind:

As to the place of Rendezvous,
For every Horn'd unhappy Spouse,
She Bearing Cuckoldom in Mind,
Guild-Hall was by the Dame assign'd,
Most fit above all other places,
For Cucks and Cots to shew their Faces.

The merry time at last drew near,
On which the Bucks were to appear;
Dame *Fortune* at the hour appointed,
Attir'd like any Lord's Annointed,
In Robes of a *Camelian* Dye,
That chang'd in the twinkling of an Eye;
Was sometimes Red, and sometimes Blue,
But alter'd still to something new;
Showing by Colours variation
Women are subject to mutation.
Yet notwithstanding of their ranging,
They always are the same, that's changing;
A pair of Horns of wondrous size,
All Gold to dazle Humane Eyes,

Made full of Antlers Buds and Sprouts,
In *Foster-Lane* or there abouts,
By some, if Folks don't falsly Jear 'em
That have no little Right to wear 'em;
Were carried on a lofty Pole
Before Queen *Fortune* to the Hall,
Just as his Custard Cap does bear
The Sword before the City Mayr;
In mighty Pomp she past along
Attended with a numerous Throng,
Gather'd together by degrees
From th' Four and Twenty Companies.
At last into the Hall she came,
Where all paid Reverence to the Dame;
She gaz'd around, and as they Bow'd
To th' Horns, she Curt'si'd to the Crowd.
At last it pleased her fickle Grace
To find her Jilting Bum a place:
The *Court of Conscience* being clear
Of Business, she Ascended there;
And on the Bench, O fy upon her!
She clapt her Tail, that is, her Honour.

For

For Female Honour you muſt know
Is humbly ſeated very low;
Therefore high Conſcientious Places
Do not become a *nanquam ſatis*.
However, there the Gipſy ſtaid,
And ſat as modeſt as a Maid;
With her huge Gilded Mace before her,
Which caus'd the Cuckolds to adore her.
Thus ſeated on the Bench alone,
Like Playhouſe Queen on ſlit-deal Throne:
Such Crowds came ſtaring in and gaping,
Even from *Weſtminſter* and *Wapping*,
That ſure the Hall was ne'er more full
Of City Stags at Sheriffs Poll.
Vintners and *Victlers* flock'd in ſhoals,
Made graceful by their flowing Bowls;
Whoſe Heads became the noble Creſt,
So far exceeding all the reſt,
That the whole Herd aloud cry'd out,
They never ought t' appear without.
Lawyers in Droves flow'd in as faſt
As if the Term had not been paſt,

But hid their Horns beneath their Gowns,
And ſo incur'd Dame *Fortune*'s Frowns;
But rather than they'd ſpoil the Jeſt;
At laſt they wore them like the reſt,
Which made the Black-Rob'd Tribe appear
Like Oxen driving to a Fair;
However they reſolv'd to try
For *Fortune*'s Favour by and by,
Well knowing that their Wedded Evils
Had Tails like Goats, and Tongues like Devils,
And that they'd all the Plagues of Life
That Man could meet with in a Wife.

Our Teachers too their Horns exalting,
Some young and brisk, ſome old and haulting;
Flow'd in from ev'ry part o'th' Nation,
As thick as at a Viſitation;
All fill'd with hopes, and well prepared,
To ſhew what curſed Shrews they'd Marry'd.
The angry Crowd, in great diſdain,
Cry'd out the Clergy of all Men
Shou'd not b'admitted to complain,

Becauſe their Function were the firſt
That made us Mortals thus accurs'd,
And that they puniſh'd Fornication,
And brought D---n'd Wedlock into faſhion.
But *Fortune* minding not the Crowd,
Moſt humbly to the Clergy bow'd,
And told them (tho' ſhe ne'er deſign'd it)
She'd be their Friend, and they ſhould find it.
They thank'd her for the Grace ſhe'd done 'em,
But found 'twas but a Jeſt upon 'em.

In numbers flock'd *Phiſicians* too,
Who knew not how to tame a Shrew,
Or cure for th' eaſe of their own Lives,
The Falling Evil in their Wives;
Who when their Frenſies were upon 'em,
And on their backs their Fits had thrown 'em,
They could not riſe, leaſt Folks bely 'em,
Whilſt any Man was ſtanding by 'em;
But heave and pant, and wink and pink,
And breath ſo ſhort that one would think

Who did but see their Freaks transacted
That they were Dying or Distracted.

Besides the swarms I mention here,
All sorts of Traders did appear;
For no degrees of Men can be
From Cuckoldom and Avrice free;
Therefore most Husbands had pretence
To Fortune's kind Benevolence.
The Hall was crowded in a Minute,
That not one more cou'd squeeze within it.
Then Fortune, loud as she could bawl,
Commanded Silence in the Hall;
And rising up, from off her Breech,
She standing made this gen'rous Speech.

My Lords and Gentry that appear
According to my Summons here,
I'm hither come, with Joy to meet ye,
And with sincere Affection greet ye,
I must confess, your good alone
'Twas brought me hither, not my own,

And you ſhall always ſurely find,
(Tho' ſome, perhaps, are ſo unkind,
To think me of a fickle Mind.)
My Heart not Foreign, but Domeſtick;
Not Popiſh, but Eccleſiaſtick.
With that the Churchmen ſtanding ready,
Bow'd low and cry'd, Your Servant Lady.
Hoping by this their good Behaviour,
To win the Dame and curry Favour;
But they, alas, were at a loſs,
In thinking to her Love ingroſs;
For Fortune's kindneſs wa'n't expreſt
To them alone, but all the reſt:
After ſome pauſe ſhe thus again
Began, and made the Matter plain:
All you that bear the heavy Curſe
Of, *The Grey Mare the better Horſe*;
Or wear the Failings of your Spouſes,
A ſmall degree above your Noſes,
Let ev'ry one his Grievance ſhow,
That I the naked Truth may know.

And he who is in Wedlock join'd
To the worſt plague of Woman-kind,
And leads the moſt confounded Life
That e'er did Man with helliſh Wife;
Let her be either Young or Old,
Fair, Homely, Sluttiſh, Whore, or Scold;
Or he be Churchman or Diſſenter,
A Trimmer, Puritan, or Ranter;
Or neither Whig, or yet a Tory,
But does in Moderation glory;
Let him be Libertine or Saint,
So that he's but a Proteſtant,
And he alone, to eaſe his Curſe,
Shall have a neverfailing Purſe;
Beſides this forked golden Prize,
Of ſuch a large and ample ſize
That 'twill adorn and grace the Hall
Of the beſt Noble of you all;
Therefore diſcloſe the wretched Lives
You bear with your unruly Wives,
That I may judge among you all,
On whom my Bounty ought to fall.

The Dons and Coms could not agree
At first about Precedency;
But such Debates and Feuds arose,
As if their Words would end in Blows;
Each pelting each with all their Lyes
Their Heat and Malice could devise:
Wise Men stood by and shook their Noddles,
To hear their Betters such *Tom-doodles*;
Whilst all the dull unthinking Rabble,
Seem'd much delighted with the Squabble;
And thereupon the Fools devided,
And with the diff'ring Parties sided;
Some for the Dons declar'd their Zeal,
Some for the Coms were Tooth and Nail;
Bad Words were scatter'd at no rate,
The Hall was turn'd to *Billingsgate*,
And every Blockhead in the Crew,
Espous'd one Party, of the two,
Tho' very few could tell for what
They roar'd down this, or cry'd up that;
But since ill Men had made a pother,
They would be of one side or t'other.

Just

Juſt ſo it is in *Hockley-Hole*,
When *Roſe* and *Brindle* fight the *Bull*:
Some on the Dogs will ſet their Heart,
Some take the horned Champion's part.
When thus diſpos'd, the Rabble-Rout
Soon find occaſion to fall out:
Then Fools and Dogs and Bulls and Bears,
Fall all together by the Ears,
Whilſt wiſer Men ſecurely ſit,
And overlook the wrangling Pit,
Keep ſilent Tongues, no Party take,
But view the Sport the Puppies make.

The Feud grew higher ſtill and higher,
For Knaves and Fools encreas'd the Fire,
Poets and Scriblers watch'd their Waters,
And ply'd them with Lampoons and Satyrs,
Each drew his Pen in Rhime or Proſe,
To ſerve his Friends or ſcourge his Foes,
Whoſe Follies yet were never ſhown
Apart, without the Author's own.

Which did to Men of Judgment's view,
Seem always greateſt of the two.
However, rather than conceal
Their Faults, they would their own reveal.
The Reaſon's plain, for you muſt know it's
The Talent of our modern Poets,
With ſtupid Malice to delight ye,
Becauſe the Jarring envious City,
Will not be pleas'd with what is Witty.
Thus Libels publickly were cry'd,
And flew about from ſide to ſide,
The commou People to incenſe,
And aggravate the difference.

Dame *Fortune*, with her purblind Eyes,
Beholding ſuch a Storm ariſe,
Grew Jealous that ſome Ill was meant,
To interrupt her good Intent;
Therefore in hopes to heal the Breach,
She made this reconciling Speech.
My Dons and Coms I'm much perplex'd,
To ſee your Gravities thus vex'd;

And that the hopes of my poor Favour,
Should make you uſe this ſtrange behaviour;
What tho' I can beſtow upon you,
A never failing Flux of money,
And as I'm Fortune, am the Donor,
Of Plenty, Power, Wealth, and Honour;
Yet ſince to my great Grief I find,
Such Av'rice reigning in each Mind,
All you that hope to gain the Prize,
By ſpreading Calumnies and Lies,
And Rave and Quarrel ſo about it,
Upon my word ſhall Go without it,
For ſhame let me no more behold,
Such mighty Men contend for Gold,
After ſo turbulent a faſhion,
That makes you Odious to the Nation;
For tho' you'd fain perſwade the Crowd,
You ſquabble for the publick Good,
Yet to all wiſemen it appears,
That Int'reſt ſets you by the Ears,
Therefore I beg that for the future,
You will not make this ſhameful Clutter,

Or widen ſuch injurious Breaches
About priority of Speeches,
Since 'twill b'expected by the reſt
He that ſpeaks leaſt, ſhould ſpeak the beſt;
Therefore, as you have often ſeen
At Crowning of a King or Queen,
The loweſt Rank do firſt appear,
And leave the higheſt in the Rear;
So the ſame Mode they uſe in Walking
I hope you will obſerve in Talking.
Therefore proceed as I direct,
And you ſhall find I'll not neglect
To do that Juſtice you expect.

This Speech (although there's little in it)
Made them good Friends in half a minute;
That all cry'd out in *voce una*,
God ſave the mighty Queen *Fortuna*.

The whole Aſſembly being pleaſed,
And all their Heats and Feuds appeaſed,

A *Fleet-ſtreet Vintner* in the Crowd,
Open'd his Caſe, but firſt he Bow'd.

Madam, ſays he, upon my Life
I've got the Devil of a Wife;
She's Luſtful, Ugly, and ſhe's Old,
And beſides theſe, a Curſed Scold,
Her Crabbed Looks, the Pariſh knows it,
Will turn new Milk into a Poſſet.
When I am kind ſhe's ſtill ſo baſe,
Her Eyes daſh Verjuice in my Face,
Nay, Pepper dwells upon her Tongue,
Which ſhe ſhakes o'er me all day long;
No *Smithfield Cook* ſure e'er abus'd,
Or us'd Roaſt-Beef as I am us'd;
Beſides, I can with ſafety ſwear
The Jade confounds me every Year
A Hundred Pounds more than is fitting
In Dainty Bits for her own Eating;
And Drinks, I may with Juſtice ſay,
Two Quarts of *Palm Wine* every day;

But that which I reſent moſt ill,
And is of all the bittereſt Pill
When ſhe's got Drunk, the Whore of Whores
Turns up her Honour to my Drawers,
And picks my Pocket of my Pelf,
To make them Richer than my ſelf.
With that he Sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes,
And cry'd he hop'd ſuch Miſeries
Might give him Title to the Prize.

When this his ſad Complaint was heard,
All the Blue Squadron gap'd and ſtar'd,
And tho' the major party had
Such Wives that were profuſely Bad;
Yet none cou'd ſay he had a worſe,
So every one conceal'd his Curſe,
Sneak'd off their Horns, as prudence bid 'em,
And underneath their Aprons hid 'em,
Believing their Cornuted Brother
Muſt bear the Bell from all the other.
Next him a Doctor of the Body,
A mighty Spruce Cornuted Noddy,

Advanc'd

Madam, says he (and looks upon her)
I'm much beholding to your Honour,
For I muſt needs confeſs in Truth
I've been your Favourite from my Youth;
Yet tho' I'm now ſo highly mounted,
And have at *Weſtminſter* been counted
So Juſt and Wiſe thro' all my Life,
I'm almoſt Gally'd with a Wife.
What tho' I'm learn'd in every Cauſe,
And long have doated on the Laws,
Yet could I never find out one
To make the Gipſy hold her Tongue.
An Age I've Pleaded at the Bar
And am no puny Orator,
Yet tho' ſhe's Old, my Jangling Gillian
Will ſtill out-Talk me by a Million,
And for one Word I Speak, ſhe muſters
Whole Troops, and pelts my Ears by cluſters.
Therefore kind Lady Fair, crys he,
I hope to eaſe my Miſery.
You will to me the Purſe impart,
For I love Gold with all my Heart.

Fortune reply'd she'd be his Friend,
And do him Justice in the end.

A Parson next of wondrous Note,
Betwixt a *Polecat* and a *Stoate*,
Advanc'd with very Sickly look,
Hem'd thrice, and thus to *Fortune* Spoke.

Madam, I come not here to Preach,
Or show my Elegance of Speech;
Nor shall I now maintain that Schism,
Which some Men call Socinianism:
Or teach you how a Man that's Crafty,
May take Oaths *pro* and *con* with safety.
In short I'm come to give you notice,
In verbo vero Sacerdotis;
That no poor Mortal of my Function
Was ever under more Compunction;
Not for my own Erroneous Life,
But for the Failings of my Wife,
Who has a Tongue that Squalls and Bawls
As loud as any Bell in *Paul's*.

At meals inſtead of Grace ſhe'll ſit
And ſcold before and after Meat,
Nay, find more ſeaſons ev'ry day,
To rave than I can do to Pray;
And rants with ſuch a taunting Air,
Adsnouns ſh'would make a Parſon ſwear.
Beſides, as I'm a Prieſt and Sinner,
I dare not take a Friend to Dinner,
Or ſhow that Love to a poor Brother,
We ought to bear to one another,
Leaſt ſhe, my good Intent to Croſs;
Should give our meat ſuch ſower ſauce,
That meeting with a Tongue ſo Evil,
My Friend ſhould think me ſo uncivil,
To make him Meſs-mate with the Devil.

Believe me 'twas alone her Tongue,
That aw'd my Conſcience all along,
And made me ſuch a wav'ring Prieſt,
That I became a Common Jeſt;
But who that's wedded to a ſcold,
Can blame me now the Truth is told?

For while a Man's ſo plagu'd and nettled?
How ſhould his Conſcience e'er be ſettled?

With that the Crowd both hiſs'd and ſmil'd,
And all his quaint Oration Spoil'd,
Crying aloud ſince he had hung
His Faith upon ſo vile a Tongue,
They hop'd the Devil would adapt her,
To plague him to the end o'th' Chapter.
Beſides they cry'd, it was not fit,
That he who had ſo little Wit,
To let his Wives tempeſtuous Tongue
His Reaſon ſway 'twixt Right and Wrong,
Should in a Pious Chriſtian Nation
Be truſted with a Congregation,
And that the puny Wretch that knew
Not how to teach and tame a Shrew,
Muſt needs before his Wife Preach Booty,
And oft thro' Fear evade his Duty;
For how ſhould he that has a Scold
Of's own, and dare not be ſo bold

To ſcourge her Failings any one day
Reclaim Five Hundred on a *Sunday*?

This Rub made all the Gown-men ſneak,
Who found 'twas now in vain to Speak,
Touch'd with this cloſe ſarcaſtick Scoff,
They dop'd their Heads, and ſo ſlid off;
Renounc'd the Prize, and left the Hurry
Went ſome to Chriſten, ſome to Marry,
Some to Read Prayers, and ſome to Bury.

No ſooner were the Black-birds Flown
But then the Mighty Dons came on,
Some ſmil'd and ſnicker'd unperplext,
Whilſt others look'd diſturb'd and vex'd;
Much Whiſp'ring paſs'd from Mouth to Ear,
About no Good a Man may Swear,
Becauſe Don *Quirk* was buſie there.
Projecting *Snap* ſtood liſtning by,
Seem'd ſometimes free, and ſometimes ſhy;
That's Wrong, ſays he, and will not Nick'em,
But this is Right, and there we'll Trick 'em.

Whilſt

Whilſt they were thus Caballing got,
About the Lord knows who or what,
A bold Heroick Don well dreſt,
Stept ſlyly from amongſt the reſt,
And Whiſper'd *Fortune* in her Ear,
But what he ſaid no Man could hear;
Whether he ſpoke about his Wife,
Or ſelf, I know not by my Life;
But *Fortune* ſeeming much ſurpris'd,
Yet pleas'd at what he adverti's'd,
Cry'd out aloud, if that's thy Curſe
I think thou well deſerv'ſt the Purſe,
It Juſtly to thy Lot does Fall,
Here, prethee take it Horns and all.

Madam, ſays he, it is great Pity
Of ſuch a Prize to Rob the City;
So took the Purſe, but was ſo kind
To humbly leave the Mace behind.

FINIS.